

ENEMY PEERS DEPRIVED OF THEIR TITLES

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

QUEEN MARY'S SONG AT AN EAST END BELL FOUNDRY



The King and Queen and Princess Mary with some of the workmen.

When the King and Queen visited a famous foundry in Whitechapel yesterday to "christen" the new peace bell for Westminster Abbey the workmen had the privilege of hearing her sing. Mr. Oliver played on his peal of bells, and when he selected "Eileen



"Hughie" for a long time wouldn't say "Ta" for a biscuit.



Mr. Bert Oliver, playing the famous old Irish ballad, "Eileen Alannah."

Alannah" her Majesty hummed the air right through in a clear voice. "Hughie" is a son of one of the managers, and refused for a long time to say "Ta" when given a biscuit.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ATTENDS THE WEDDING OF HIS FORMER PRIVATE SECRETARY.



Major Hanson, V.C., D.S.O., and Miss Soames, who were among the guests.



The bride and bridegroom leaving St. Peter's, Eaton square, after the ceremony.



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill leaving. The bridegroom was Mr. Churchill's private secretary.

The marriage was celebrated yesterday of Major J. A. Webster, D.S.O., and Constance, second daughter of Mr. and Lady Constance Combe.

BEAUTIES TAKE LONDON BY STORM

'Daily Mirror' 'Queens', Who Bewildered Everyone

LUNCH AT THE SAVOY.

"Her beauty made the bright world dim," wrote Shelley, and, not personally knowing the lady to whom the poet referred, it is quite possible he was right.

At any rate, when the twenty Queens of England arrived yesterday afternoon for lunch in the White Room at the Savoy Hotel it is certainly true that their "beauty made the bright world bewildered."

The occasion was the luncheon given by *The Daily Mirror* to some thirty probable prize-winners who had been selected after a personal interview with nearly 200 entrants for *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for women war workers.

It was an event which excited general interest in the public mind, and for this reason numbers of people collected at the several entrances of the hotel in the hope of seeing Britain's Beauty pass like some travelling stars through the particularly cold and nippy March wind. Hence bewilderment!

Bewilderment on the part of the attendants flattered by expressions of surprise visits from royalty. Bewilderment also on the part of vigilant policemen, who inquired "What's going on to-day?"

Further bewilderment was caused by the fact that the Savoy Jazz Band absolutely struck, and refused to play in the restaurant. When asked if their action was one of industrial sympathy with the demand of the miners, they replied that all they wanted was to be allowed to go down to the White Room of Beauty.

This demand having been granted, further bewilderment was caused by the clamorous application of many waiters to be allowed to wait at Beauty's table.

SHY BEAUTIES.

Miss Gladys Cooper's Tribute to True English Type.

By this time the Queens of Beauty began to arrive, and were welcomed by the committee and the Editor of *The Daily Mirror* in the White Room.

Among the committee was one who is universally acknowledged to be a representative beauty of England—Miss Gladys Cooper—and she confessed to a representative of *The Daily Mirror* that the glowing procession of fair faces made her thrill with patriotic pride.

"It has been stated," remarked Miss Cooper, "that English beauty is merely a type—something that one could pick out in a moment from a crowd—something that is rather cold and stereotyped."

"That legend ought to be dead for ever after looking at this crowd of beautiful girls."

"See how varied is their beauty!" Notice how varied are the types."

"To choose the brightest jewel amongst so many precious stones is a task that anyone should shrink from."

A kindred quality creates a subtle link of sympathy between most human beings, and the common quality of beauty which all the guests of *The Daily Mirror* at the Savoy possessed yes-

SUMMER TIME BEGINS.

Summer time begins at 2 a.m. to-morrow, when the hour will become three o'clock.

Advance your clock an hour before retiring to-night, or you may be late for church.

The vanished hour will be restored on the morning of September 23.

esterday turned strangers into friends with the magical power that we were taught once turned dross into gold.

"I can tell the beauty ladies in a moment," said one of the half-pinters before the reception; "they're all the same."

But once the assembly began to gather in the White Room, and all the queens from the four quarters of the United Kingdom had been welcomed by the judging committee, the shyness wore away into a shadow.

Everyone became friends, and the whole gathering sat down to lunch, a thoroughly gay and happy party. The first toast of the afternoon, amongst the queens was, simply: "May the best girl win."

So British beauty is embued with the true British spirit!

JUDGES' TASK.

Prize-winners' Names To Be Announced on April 5.

Writing of the luncheon to the thirty Beauty Queens, a *Daily Mirror* representative says:

Mothers, aunts and admiring sisters accompanied the beautiful girls and crowded into the dressing-rooms to help to assist in the final touch-ups of the toilettes.

"Is the child's back hair tidy? Won't you pull just one curl forward?" was being whispered in agitated tones by the attendant relatives.

A new adjustment of hair ribbons, a tying of pretty shoe-strings, consultation as to the use or neglect of powder caused a pretty excited noise until the girls trooped out into the drawing rooms overlooking the river.

Overcome with grief, Mrs. Ethel Ridley, Staniford-road, Sheffield, cut her throat there this morning with a razor and lies in Firvale Hospital in a dying condition.

She is the mother of the six months old baby who was yesterday drowned in her presence in the High Hazels Dam by the overturning of the perambulator during the gale.

Some of the winning beauties were in khaki; some charming figures were in neat skirts, while skirts which often close bore the laces and frivolities of prettiness.

Amongst the competitors chosen were fourteen girls from the provinces to sixteen from London. And it was remarkable that only two were married.

Despite the seclusion of the luncheon-room, chosen in order that the winners might not be embarrassed, visitors managed to pass and re-enter the door.

Blushes marked their charming cheeks as whispers of "Oh, how lovely! Oh, dear, what eyes and hair!" floated into the half-closed doors.

Miss Gladys Cooper, exquisite in a beaver cloak and a little hat of beige and royal blue, was sitting among the judges.

Jazz music was played by the Savoy Ragtime Band during lunch, with Mr. Joseph Wilbur as conductor.

Afterwards at the girls' own request they danced to the latest dances.

The announcement of the names of the first four prize-winners, who will receive £500, £400, £50, and £25 respectively, with a trip to Paris by aeroplane, will be made in *The Daily Mirror* on April 5.

The *Daily Mirror* of that date will be a special beauty number and will contain, also, the names of the winners of the twenty additional prizes of £10 each and twenty-five prizes of £5 each.

The photographs of all prize-winners will be reproduced in this issue, too.

IN BEST POSSIBLE HANDS.

That the judging of the merits of each competitor was in the best possible hands readers will recognise from the following list of representative artists and others who had consented to form the adjudication committee:

Mr. Solomon A. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., R.A.

Miss Anna Aisy, R.I., R.O.I.
Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Herbert J. Buckley).

Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough), who was in Manchester, arrived back in London too late for the gathering, while Major Richard Jack, another of the judges, who is in France, was unable to get back to London in time.

THE PREACHING PILGRIMS

Religious Procession to March on London from Bath.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Friday.

The Preaching Pilgrims will set out from Bath for London on the morning of Good Friday, April 18.

The procession will be comprised of preachers and evangelists, and its strength will probably be augmented en route.

On April 25 the Pilgrims will reach Maidenhall, when they will make a detour to Windsor.

At each of their halting places the Pilgrims will go into the highways and byways to preach the Gospel.

DR. GORE RESIGNS.

Famous Bishop Gives Up See of Oxford from July 1.

One of the most famous prelates in Britain, the Bishop of Oxford, has sent in his resignation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to take effect from July 1.

Dr. Gore, it is stated, hopes to have the opportunity of more continuous preaching, speaking writing than his present position makes possible.

The Right Rev. Charles Gore, M.A., D.D., Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, Hon. D.D., Edinburgh, Hon. LL.D., Cambridge and Birmingham, is probably the most literary of living Church dignitaries.

He was born in 1855, and has been regarded as the foremost of the advocates of Liberal High Churchmanship. He became Bishop of Worcester in 1902, and on the separation of the diocese, of which he was an ardent supporter, he became first Bishop of Birmingham, which See he held from 1905 till he went to Oxford in 1911. Whilst he was Bishop of Birmingham he set aside £1,000 a year of his income for a fund called "The Bishop's Treasury" for helping various diocesan objects.



Dr. Gore.

Robert Lorraine, restored to the stage, signified his return by a magnificent performance as Cyrano. As the nobility of the man shone through him into our hearts, so the giant profile of his nose faded from our vision.

The hero of the piece, however, was the nose!

Miss Stella Marry, Campbell, lent all the grace and charm of her personality to Roxane, while Mr. Gerald Lawrence gave the pageant poise and contrast with his admirable Comte.

There was a tempest of applause at the fall of the curtain.

DEPRIVED OF TITLES.

King Orders Removal of Enemy Dukes from British Peerage.

ONE PRINCE, THREE PEERS.

Last night's *London Gazette* contains the expected official announcement of the removal from the British peerage of the names of:—

1. H.R.H. Leopold Charles, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence and Baron Arklow.

2. H.R.H. Ernest Augustus Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, Earl of Armagh.

3. H.R.H. Ernest Augustus Duke of Brunswick and Ernest of Great Britain and Ireland.

4. Henry Viscount Taaffe of Corren and Baron of Ballymote.

The Order in Council sets forth that a Privy Council Committee had reported that the above named had adhered to the King's enemies during the present war.

His Majesty accepts the report, and gives orders to the Garter King of Arms and others concerned to act according to it.

The Duke of Albany, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was born at Esher on July 10, 1884. His father, youngest son of Queen Victoria, died suddenly four months previously. He became Duke of Saxe-Coburg in 1900 on the death of the Duke of Coburg.

He was colonel-in-chief of the Highlanders.

The Duke of Cumberland is a grandson of George III., and in May of 1915 was struck off the roll of the Knights of the Garter.

The Duke of Brunswick is the son of the Duke of Cumberland and the son-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, for he married the ex-Kaiser's only daughter.

Viscount Taage is a count of the Holy Roman Empire, and a peer of Ireland, his father's right to the title having been upheld by a committee of the House of Lords in 1860. The head of the family is the Earl of Carlingford, who was killed in the battle of the Somme.

He had no estates in Ireland, but has considerable property in Bohemia. The Taages have been famous in Austria for over two centuries.

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ADMIRAL BEATTY AT THE GRAND NATIONAL

Huge Crowd Sees Woman Owner's Victory.

"SEVEN-GUINEA" WINNER.

Wife Buys Back Horse After Husband Has Sold It.

From Our Racing Correspondent.

AINTREE, Friday.

The first Grand National Steeplechase since the spring of 1915 has been decided, and it will be long ere the memory of it fades from the minds of men who saw it.

Actual figures are not available, but in declaring that the attendance beat all records I am probably not overstating the fact.

Being one of the unfortunates who found it impossible to get hotel accommodation in Liverpool, I sought shelter in Southport. From the latter place I arrived in Liverpool at nine this morning, when snow came whirling down.

For three hours I waited in the middle of the Exchange Street, the most difficult an hour.

An hour later the snow stopped, and I reached the Exchange Station out of Aintree.

The first-class compartment in which I travelled contained twenty-eight people, and I shall not be surprised to hear later that some never reached Aintree in time to view the great race.

Just now Liverpool is striving to honour itself by passing a committee to the British Fleet in the person of Admiral Sir David Beatty. That great admiral's flagship with others is at present in the Mersey, and to-morrow Sir David receives the freedom of the city.

Admiral Beatty in an interview said that he was afraid the *Tiger* (which accompanied the Queen Elizabeth) would not get back to the Mersey on the present occasion. The wind and tide were so strong she broke from her moorings and left two anchors in the Mersey as a souvenir of her visit.

Lord Derby was entertaining in his private box. Lord Setton's box contained a large party of ladies. Sir Thomas Dewar was entertaining.

Mrs. H. Peel was there to see Poethlyn, the winner, run. Lady Nelson had also come to see her horse Ally Sloper fare.

After the second race there was an interval of an hour before the big event was due. A great part of that time was taken up with paddock inspection, and one noticed the Countess of Derby, Lady Peggy Primrose, Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, and Colonel Hall Walker amongst the interested critics.

ROMANCE OF POETHLYN.

There is a romance attaching to the history of Poethlyn. The hero, a nine-year-old gelding, was bred by Major Peel, the husband of the present owner, but was such an "ugly duckling" as a foal that he was sent to Wrexham Market and there disposed of for seven guineas.

Subsequently he passed into the possession of a Shrewsbury publican and Goswell, who then trained Major Peel's horses, advised Major Peel to buy him. Mrs. Peel bought him for fifty guineas, being quite unaware that he was the horse her husband had bred and got rid of as useless.

One Liverpool youth is doubtful about his luck. He is a clerk in the employ of a firm of produce brokers and had great good luck to draw Poethlyn in the Liverpool Exchange Newsroom sweepstake. The prize is £2,100, but he is said to have sold his chance for £700.

Full details of the racing will be found on page 14.

JAZZ WEDDING RECEPTION

Major V. Kelsey Dances with His Bride and Sets New Fashion.

A new fashion in wedding receptions was the *Thés Dancants* given at the De Vere Hotel yesterday after the marriage of Major Vyvyan Kelsey, R.M.L.I., and Mrs. Scott, widow of Comander Walter Scott, at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road.

When the bride and bridegroom arrived at the hotel they were welcomed by a strange wedding-march—the effort of the jazz orchestra.

However, when the guests arrived dancing and tea began in real earnest—led by the bride and bridegroom.

This is one of the jolliest of the wedding receptions given at the De Vere Hotel yesterday; the bride's dame d'honneur, to *The Daily Mirror*. "I think *Thés Dancants* will become popular. There is nothing stodgy about them."

Two charming little figures, who ran in and out among the dancing couples, were Walter and Robert, the sons of the late Commander Scott.

They wore dainty white satin blouses, with pale blue knickers.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Forecast for S.E. England: Moderate south-west to S.E. winds, freshening during the day; dull, rain at times; rather mild.

ALLIES WARN BERLIN POLES MUST LAND AT DANTZIG

ALLIED ULTIMATUM TO HUNS.

"Dantzig for Poles or
Armistice Broken."

BERLIN'S REPLY.

An ultimatum has been presented by the Allies to the Huns on the Dantzig question.

The Note has been transmitted through General Nudent, Chief of the Inter-Allied Mission, to the head of the chief of the German Armistice Commission and demands permission for the landing at Dantzig of the Polish Army, as part of the Allied forces.

Should the refusal of a landing be persisted in it will be regarded as a breach of the armistice.

The German Government replies in a Note stating that according to the armistice Germany is obliged to grant only to the Allies free access to the Vistula in order to maintain order in the territories of the former Russian Empire.

In concluding the armistice, says the reply, Germany in any case proceeded on the assumption that there could be no question of Polish troops being permitted to land.

Przemyski is accused of violating German soil by stirring up revolt and civil war, which "the eastern front against Bolshevism would be endangered."

The German Government declares that therefore it cannot be responsible for the measures desired, but it is ready by every means to facilitate the landing of General Haller's army at Stettin, Koenigsberg, Memel or Libau.

A CHANGE?

The German Note asks in the meantime for information regarding the composition and strength of General Haller's army, the date of its landing and the date of its transit to Poland.

Finally, the question is asked what guarantees the Allies could offer that General Haller's army on landing it will not participate in Polish demonstrations or possible insurrections of the Polish minority.

According to the Central News correspondent, it is authoritatively stated that President Wilson shares Mr. Lloyd George's view that the Polish corridor to Dantzig must be arranged so as not to include territory where the population is preponderantly German.

Cooperative propaganda continues to be made by the Big Four. Yesterday they discussed the Franco-German frontier, but no decision has yet been reached.—Reuter.

An Exchange message says there is a likelihood of a complete change in the conditions of the basis of peace.

"HOLD TOGETHER" CALL TO INDUSTRY.

Premier Likely to Address the
Industrial Conference.

The Daily Mirror learns that the Prime Minister will almost certainly attend and speak at the resumed Industrial Conference on April 4, if he is able to get away from Paris in time.

At least 400 employers and 400 workmen's representatives are expected to attend.

The delegates will also receive a full report of the speeches made at the last Conference, which contains a foreword by the Prime Minister, in which he asks all sections of the community to "hold together" in order that a just and enduring peace may be obtained.

The unofficial strikes of miners against the acceptance of the Government's offer are breaking up.

The Chesterfield District miners yesterday agreed to resume work on Monday.

Notis miners were unable to agree at their conference yesterday, and it was decided to ask the Coal Controller to appoint an arbitrator.

A thousand miners at Ashton-under-Lyne will resume work on Monday.

Four thousand miners at the Jubilee pits of Sandbach Park Colliery, Staffordshire, downed tools yesterday expressing themselves dissatisfied with the Sankey report.

Men at Bredbury (Cheshire) collieries, who have downed tools, have no grievance, and some of the men do not know why they are out.

Nationalisation.—The Scottish Railways Stockholders' Protection Association announce in a circular to the shareholders that the Prime Minister is prepared to consider the extension of the National Union of Railwaymen that it is the intention of the Government to nationalise the railways and that an early measure to that effect will be introduced into Parliament.

FIRE-EATER'S CHALLENGE.

General von Plessen, who is aged eighty, challenged Count Hoensbroeck to a duel for describing the Kaiser's son as cowardly. The Count has declined the challenge, says the *Lokalzeitung*.—Reuter.

Allied War Chiefs to Meet the Red Peril— Momentous Paris Consultations.

BOLSHEVIST ON ALLIES' ECONOMIC GRIP.

The Barrier.—The "Four-Power" Premiers in Paris have called in Allied War Chiefs to advise them on the Bolshevik situation in Hungary and neighbouring countries. It is reported that General Mangin will command the Allied troops in Hungary and Rumania to form a barrier from the Baltic to Odessa. A Red leader complains that the Allies' economic strangle-hold is ending Bolshevism.

The Dantzig Question.—The Allies have warned Berlin that the Polish army must be landed at Dantzig, otherwise the armistice will be declared broken. The Germans, replying in a Note of the usual "hedgehog" character, allege bad faith against the Poles, and demand guarantees.

EUROPE'S BARRIER AGAINST BOLSHEVISM.

Rumanian General's Plan Developing.

At a meeting of the "Big Four"—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson and Orlando—in Paris, Marshal Foch and Generals Pershing (U.S.) and Sir Henry Wilson and Diaz (Italy) attended.

In French diplomatic circles it is pointed out that the presence of Marshal Foch and the other Allied generals is a sufficient indication that the discussion was of a military order, and it is concluded that the Council dealt with the measures to be taken in view of the establishment of the Soviet regime in Budapest—measures which, it is thought, will be of an inter-Allied character.

It is stated that to-day the question of raising the blockade of Hungary may be considered.

NO FRESH TROOPS WANTED.

General Husec, former Chief of the Rumanian Headquarters Staff, is of the opinion that the most solid barrier that can be opposed to Russian Bolshevism would be unity of command on the Polish and Rumanian fronts by a French leader who has given proof of his ability on the western front.

In this way, he says, the general line of the front would

Start from the mouth of the Vistula,
Pass to the east of Lemberg, and
Then follow the course of the Dniester.

The scheme says the general requires no fresh troops.

General Husec's plan is already well on the way to being realised and that General Mangin will be entrusted with the command of the Allied troops in Hungary and Rumania.—Exchange.

A Geneva telegram to the *Le Petit Parisien* states that two Rumanian army corps have crossed the frontier of Eastern Galicia.

The Republic of Czechoslovakia is also taking military measures against the Hungarian revolution, notably at Rapat.—Exchange.

"END OF BOLSHEVISM"

A telegram to Stockholm from Petrograd says Lunatsharsky, one of the most prominent members of the Bolshevik Government at the recent International Bolshevik Conference, said the position of the Bolshevik Government had

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

Week-end Food Prices, page 13.

No Cheap Trains, page 15.

Why the "National" Ignored Beckett, page 15.

Peer Apologises for Slander, page 4.

become absolutely intolerable; the principal enemy of Bolshevism was the Allied economic blockade, and if this continued he foreshadowed the end of Bolshevik power.

Four thousand miners at the Jubilee pits of Sandbach Park Colliery, Staffordshire, downed tools yesterday expressing themselves dissatisfied with the Sankey report.

Men at Bredbury (Cheshire) collieries, who have downed tools, have no grievance, and some of the men do not know why they are out.

Nationalisation.—The Scottish Railways Stockholders' Protection Association announce in a circular to the shareholders that the Prime Minister is prepared to consider the extension of the National Union of Railwaymen that it is the intention of the Government to nationalise the railways and that an early measure to that effect will be introduced into Parliament.

FIRE-EATER'S CHALLENGE.

General von Plessen, who is aged eighty, challenged Count Hoensbroeck to a duel for describing the Kaiser's son as cowardly. The Count has declined the challenge, says the *Lokalzeitung*.—Reuter.

The Soviet constitution is being worked out

THE QUEEN'S DUET WITH TUNER OF BELLS.

How Workmen Heard the
Song, "Eileen Alannah."

FOUNDRY PICTURE.

The King and Little "Hughie" and the Biscuit.

The King and Queen and Princess Mary paid a delightfully informal visit yesterday afternoon to Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, Whitechapel, E., the oldest bell founders in the country, for the "christening" of a new bell for Westminster Abbey.

The royal party, with whom was the Dean of Westminster, stayed nearly an hour in the foundry, taking the keenest interest in the moulding of the new bell. The Queen and Princess Mary each cast a little memento bell, ladling out the white-hot metal by themselves into the moulds.

And the workmen, after the new bell had been cast, had the rare privilege of hearing the Queen sing. Some sweet old tunes had been played by Bert Oliver, a tuner, on a peal of bells, and then somebody suggested the song, "Eileen Alannah."

"I should love to hear that," said her Majesty. "You know it?" she remarked, turning to the King. "It goes—" and beating time with her gloved hand she hummed the air in a very clear, sweet voice.

Then Bert Oliver clashed out the song on the bells and the Queen hummed the air all through. The scene, with the white glow of the furnaces in the distance and the workmen in shirt-sleeves, was a sounding board, listening to the made, a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

From the first the King took the deepest practical interest in the work of the foundry, asking innumerable questions, chatting with the workmen and "seeing for himself" how things were done.

THE MEMENTO BELLS.

When the white-hot metal had been poured into the mould for the new bell, his Majesty called the grey-haired foreman, Mr. Seth Dunwell, aside and chatted with him for over five minutes.

The unconventional, charming manner of the King soon put the man at his ease—in a little while he was talking quite freely with his Majesty. "I have been casting church bells for over thirty-five years, sir," he said.

"I wonder how many bells you have made?" asked the King.

The foreman shook his head. "I've made so many I couldn't say," he said. "We are just getting busy again now."

"Ah, I suppose the war made a difference to you?"

"Yes, your Majesty, we have been making munitions during the war. I'm glad to get back to the old work again."

Lading out the liquid metal for the memento bells was rather an ordeal for the Queen and Princess Mary, but they tackled it smilingly. They each took the ladle in turn and carefully poured the fiery contents into the moulds.

Five of the old bells, cast at Richard de Wimborne in 1310, greatly took the King's fancy. He examined it very closely with the Dean of Westminster.

"How many peals, I wonder, has this old bell rung out all these years!" he remarked to the Dean.

"HUGHIE" AND THE QUEEN.

A piece of old bell, dated 1594, from Staplehurst, Kent, which was made by the firm, also greatly interested his Majesty. He took it up in his hands and minutely examined the old carved date and the quality of the metal.

Just as the royal party were going through a yard back into the shop, the Queen noticed Mrs. Hughes, wife of one of the managers of the firm, sitting at her door with her little boy, Hughie, in her arms.

The King and Queen at once went over to her. Her Majesty took hold of the tiny fingers, but Hughie, pushing with his other arm against the Queen's furs, was not to be won over all at once.

Hughie was handed a biscuit. "Say 'Ta' for the biscuit," said the Queen.

"Ta" he said, with some persuasion. Hughie cried out "Ta!" in a loud voice. The King and Queen laughed heartily. Friendship was established and the little boy handed the biscuit to his Majesty.

The King held the biscuit for a minute, and then placed it on a window sill. "There," he said, "we'll put it there for the 'dickies'."

When the royal party had gone, the crowds in the Westminster area were so thick that it took some little time before the royal car could pass through the cheering ranks of East End children, who waved flags and shouted at the top of their voices.

BALE, Friday.

It is announced from Hungarian sources here that the Soviet authorities in Budapest have declared their intention of escorting the Allied missions to the frontier.—Reuter.

A telegram from Budapest, received in Copenhagen, says: "At a meeting yesterday of the delegates of the old Communist Party the Foreign Commissary, Belakun, said—

"The Soviet constitution is being worked out

WASHINGTON, Friday.

The United States War Department has announced an immediate call for 50,000 volunteers for service in Europe to relieve members

of the American expeditionary forces in France

who desire to return home.—Reuter.

A PEER APOLOGISES FOR SLANDER.

Ld. Galway's Error About Sir Charles Walston.

THOUGHT HE WAS GERMAN

An action for slander brought by Sir Charles Walston, of Cambridge, against Lord Galway was withdrawn in the King's Bench Division yesterday after Lord Galway had expressed his regret.

Lord Galway's counsel said that defendant was prepared to pay a hundred guineas to any charity named by Sir Charles as a substantial recognition of the error into which he had fallen.

Lord Galway's error lay in thinking that Sir Charles Walston was a German. An incident at Claridge's Hotel was also mentioned.

"A GERMAN NAME."

"Just the Same as Generals Foch and Weigand," Says Counsel.

Sir Edward Carson said that on December 1 last year General Foch and General Weigand, who had come over to this country, were at Claridge's Hotel. Sir Charles and his wife and children and some friends were asked to go to Claridge's Hotel to see them arrive.

Among others there was Lord Galway. While the party were waiting in the hall Lord Galway got in front of Sir Charles and, turning round to him, said to him: "Stand back! You have no right to be here. You are a German."

He also said to a mutual friend who was there, "Don't you know you are speaking to a German?"

Sir Edward Carson added that he was glad the case need not be fought, as he understood Lord Galway, on the correspondence, was prepared to apologise.

Sir Charles might very well have passed over an insult of that kind, were it not for the fact that he had a German name, just as General



Sir Charles Walston.



Lord Galway.

Foch and General Weigand had, and he had been subjected to annoyance by reason of that during the war.

Mr. Justice Darling: Is Walston a German name?

Sir Edward said the name had been changed during the war by a public announcement. The object was to get rid of everything, even the name, that was German. The name was changed from Walston to Walster.

Sir Charles was born in America in 1856. His father, prior to the plaintiff's birth, had been naturalised as an American. His lordship therefore saw that plaintiff, having been born in America of a naturalised American father, never was at any time a German.

He was an American citizen educated in New York at Columbia University and afterwards at Heidelberg University. He came to England in 1866, twelve years ago, and had remained here ever since.

In 1914, when the war broke out, he offered his services in France, and he had among his immediate relations many serving in the British Army.

Lord Galway, as one would expect, was prepared to apologise, and to pay 100 guineas to a charity to be named by Sir Charles.

Sir Charles's wife had been engaged to a large extent on local war charities and there never was the slightest ground for suspicion or suggestion that he was not thoroughly a true and loyal and patriotic citizen of the country of which he was now a naturalised subject.

FULLY SATISFIED.

Lord Galway's Explanation of the Hotel Incident.

Sir Ellis Hume Williams, for Lord Galway, said that some time ago Lord Galway made the acquaintance of Sir Charles at Hamburg, and he was under the impression at Claridge's Hotel that Sir Charles, whose name was Waldstein when he first knew him, was German.

Sir Charles was in the crowd of people at Claridge's to see the arrival of the distinguished Allies, and Lord Galway, being under the mistaken impression that Sir Charles was a German, thought it fitting he should be there taking part in the reception, and said so.

Counsel desired to say as clearly as he could that Lord Galway was now fully satisfied that Sir Charles Walston was not of German nationality, and desired to express his deep regret that any remark made by him had given him annoyance and cast reflections upon him.

BEAUTY CONTEST ENTRANTS.



FINANCE.—Worked at the Bank of England on war loans.



AN ENTERTAINER.—Took part in concerts for the troops.



PLEASE NOTE.—Would you comply with our request and send address.



WEST COUNTRY WAR WORKER.—A Weymouth entrant who worked in a munition factory



AEROPLANES.—Worked at the Royal Aircraft Factory, Farnborough.



A LONDON ENTRANT.—Was in the R.A.S.C. for ten months.

TO HELP RUMANIA.

Queen Marie's Farewell Appeal to Englishwomen.

"ONE OF YOUR FORTRESSES."

Queen Marie of Rumania, who leaves for Paris to-day, is very anxious that Britain should be well represented in the works and gifts necessary for the reconstruction of her country.

Speaking to a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday, she alluded to the urgency of the work, and asked that all money should be sent to her personal account.

"My people," she said, "do not want charity. They will accept things from me which they could not otherwise accept."

She is anxious that Rumania and Great Britain should be drawn closer together, and her final message to the people of Great Britain is that they should be as sympathetic as possible with the aspirations of the Rumanian people.

"We are far away from you," Queen Marie added. "Our country is one of your fortresses. I have met with many expressions of sympathy, and I am very grateful."

The *Daily Mirror* representative asked if English people were largely represented in Rumania, and her Majesty thought they were not. But America was.

The moral should not be lost upon the people of this country.

An exclusive interview with Queen Marie appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

20 GNS. FOR PIANIST.

Verdict in the Lamond Libel Action.

The hearing of the action by Mr. Frederic Lamond, the celebrated pianist, against Messrs. E. Hulton and Company, Ltd., in respect of a published paragraph headed: "Obliged to Be German," was concluded in the King's Bench Division yesterday, the jury awarding twenty guineas damages. Judgment was entered accordingly.

Mr. Justice Darling, summing up, said that when Mr. Lamond got to Berlin from Switzerland he was not asked to go and dine with the Kaiser. He was put into Ruhleben.

The jury must look at all the circumstances. He married an Austrian wife, who was a very popular actress in Berlin, and he had his home and his wife there.

When he wanted to get out of Switzerland he told the German police what was not true. He said if he came into Germany he might very likely become a German.

SHENKURSK RETIREMENT.

Tale of Gallant Resistance by Americans and Cossacks.

The following further details regarding the withdrawal of Allied troops from Shenkursk on the night January 23-24 have now been received.

On January 19 the enemy attacked our positions at Ust Padeng, but was met with a gallant resistance by American and Cossack troops, who were, however, eventually forced to withdraw owing to the enemy's superiority of numbers.

On the same date a body of the enemy, about 400 strong, attacked and drove back our detachments on the River Tarnia, west of Shenkursk.

The retirement to Shalosha was carried out with the loss of only one gun, and a line was taken up about twenty-five miles north of Shenkursk.

Reinforcements for this front have now arrived from Murmansk.

NURSE'S £6 A YEAR.

M.P.'s Jest—"Choice of Being Killed by Expert or Quack."

The Nurses Registration Bill was read a second time without a division in the Commons yesterday.

In moving the Bill Captain Barnet said the Bill proposes to set up a central committee on which the Privy Council, the medical profession, nurses, midwives, matrons and nursing schools are represented.

The scheme was self-supporting.

Major Sir S. Scott said that it was now open for anyone to be killed by a quack instead of by a fully-qualified doctor.

Sir Watson Cheyne mentioned the case of a nurse who had only £6 a year left for pocket money and making provision for old age.

MYSTERY OF WOMAN'S DEATH.

The dead body of an elderly woman, Mrs. Matilda Allen, was found yesterday with terrible injuries to the head, near a well-known public-house in High-street, Sunderland.

The police have detained for inquiries an elderly man, who is stated to have been in the woman's company.

'NO RETURNS' ORDER ENDING.

On and after Monday next all restrictions on the sale of newspapers on the customary terms of "sale or return" will be removed.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1919.

INCOME TAX CLUES.

HAD we the honour of being amongst those Wise Men appointed to consider the Income Tax, we should know at least one reform with which to begin the "alterations of law and practice" in regard to it.

We should design simpler forms to send to the taxpayer.

A little thing?

Yet a source, continually, bi-annually, of irritation to the victims. And as a beginning only, it would be good to let the taxpayer know what he is asked to pay; why he is asked to pay it; and, also, to ask him, not twice, thrice and twenty times over, in redundant and verbose demands, but once only, clearly, justly, in good English. . . .

Then, certainly, the great difficulties would here first we might resolve not to use an economic proposition—a tax—in order to force social or political aims.

Nobody wants to pay. That is true. Patriotism, so violent, so aggressive, over a war, and over getting up wars, and continuing wars. East and West, North and South and all over the compass—patriotism is apt to become evasive when it's a question of paying for the wars. . . . But patriotism also has great ideas as to how other people ought to live—ought to be made to live.

Force is still the order of the day.

Liberty, liberalism, toleration, the right to manage one's own life—these things are out of fashion. And so patriotism says, in one sphere: "Prevent people abroad from forming the Governments they want." In another sphere (at home) it says: "Strike till you force the community to hold your view." And in regard to income tax it says: "Punish those who don't live as you think they ought to, by making them pay."

Tax bachelors. Tax people who keep a cat. Tax people with red hair. Tax people with plain faces. Why not tax mothers-in-law? A man has a fine picture. Tax him! A woman has a rebellious coiffure. Tax her! Tax 'em all.

No: a tax should be a means of raising revenue as fairly as possible, according to sound economic doctrine: not by means of "learning yer not to be a toad"—to put the matter in the old way. It should be directed to getting money. It should not try to teach people how to live.

GOOD OLD GRAND NATIONAL!

THE Grand National—grander than ever—yesterday. Summer time again. The turn of the year. The return of usual things. . . .

Our Puritans will complain of these restorations.

We disagree with them.

A current of ordinariness helps to restore the needed stability, in a time when, more than ever, "all things flow away, nothing remaineth." Institutions must be transformed. Houses must be rebuilt. Uglification must and will proceed. It is the law of Progress.

But custom, manners, cinemas, dances, races, ways of living?

These apparently remain—or lag behind those others. And many people find them a relief as a means of steadying themselves in the prevailing flux. If they go—if there were no Grand National, but, say, a Grand Bolshevik, with horses starting when, where and how they liked without riders—where could we look for this principle of steadiness, to set against the change? Why, we could then only count on the weather—"changeable," but always the same in spring, and for the Grand National: watery sun, freezing blasts, blizzards, bronchitis, chills.

W. M.

ARE WIVES DULL TALKERS AT HOME?

THE ART OF ENLIVENING DINNER WITH DISCUSSION.

By JANE BROWNHILL.

THE returned soldier has a grievance. He complains (secretly) of his wife and family's dullness at meals.

"What," he asks plaintively, "after all their splendid war work have wives gone back to being mere domestic creatures, only interested in domestic concerns? I grant that these things are important in running a house. But we men do get fed up with hearing nothing but domestic worries."

A returned officer tells me he has found out that women only want to talk personalities. "They hate abstract ideas. Their world revolves round themselves and their families."

about at present, anything rather than personal domestic worries."

So says another friend. . . .

Fault-finding must be banished from family meals. Domestic worries can be pushed into the background. The wife can interest herself in the husband's favourite topics and he must reciprocate.

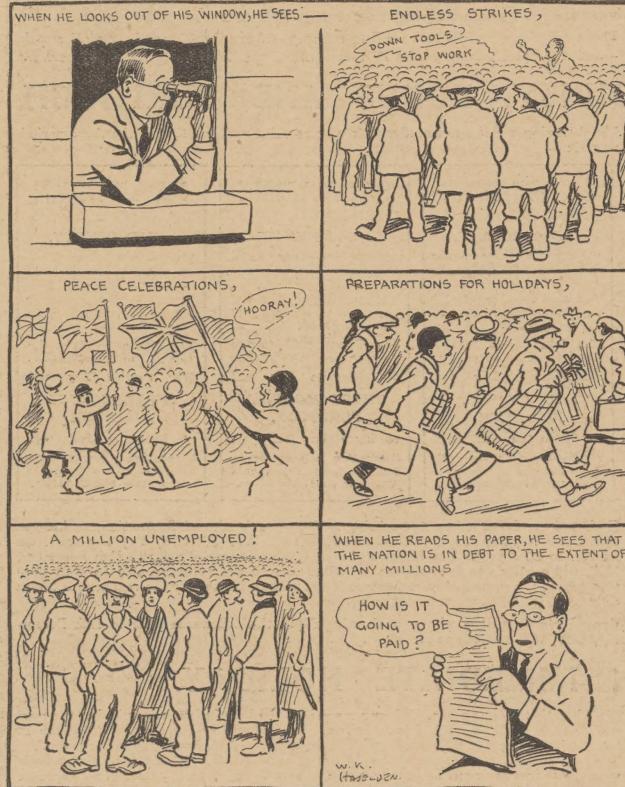
The real cause of dullness in the average family circle is that neither the average wife nor the average husband ever look upon conversation as an art to be studied. How few parents take the trouble to teach their children to be interested in things of the mind. It is all personal happenings. And these get exhausted as topics of conversation.

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

Further, a series of sharp questions bother a man.

Don't ask him questions when he comes in! Wait a little. Wait and see. See what his mood is. Sound him. Learn what his tem-

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 2.



When and how we are going to pay our vast war debt if we don't soon settle down to work.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

One cynic declares he has made notes as to the topics of conversation round his own table.

"Eighty per cent. were on domestic happenings, 10 per cent. were captious criticisms on their acquaintances, while the rest was made up of stereotyped remarks about food, dances and theatres."

His verdict about family conversation was that it was either "deadly dull, inane and piffing, or complete silence about anything beyond trivialities."

Who is really to blame for this state of family dullness at meals?

"The wife," says the husband. "It is she who ought to set the tone. If she shows no interest in anything beyond personalities and domestic things, it is useless trying to talk of anything else."

But what do men really want to talk about?

"Themselves and their own interests," says a feminine critic. "Clothes and personalities are no worse than continual talk on golf or sport. Nor do we want to talk like learned professors at table."

Still, there seems something in the plea for more interesting conversation at the meal. "What I should like is more talk about impersonal things. The latest book, the discussion of the many new ideas of living that are

per's like. Begin with something soothing. As dinner goes on you may get your chance of saying what you want about the servants."

The wife who is dull at her own table must not be surprised if her husband relapses into complete silence or buries himself in his paper.

It is up to her to find mental as well as physical food. Dull meals make for dyspepsia. And dyspeptic men make bad-tempered husbands.

Therefore wives must sparkle at their tables with the brilliancy of their own crystal and silver!

In any case, let them keep off domestic worries—till dinner is over.

Men are in better temper after dinner—than if the dinner's at all nice!

And if it isn't then dull talk won't mend it. On the other hand, I have known of poor dinners eaten with a contented resignation.

A man once said "I never dine out. The talk at home is what I like. It seems to help me to digest." He evidently had an admirable wife.

But she wasn't a good cook. I dined there. The soup was uneatable. But the talk was cheerful one hardly noticed.

Here, then, is some first aid for bad cooks! Let them see that they get good table talk!

PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

OUGHT WE TO RETURN TO THE JAZZ SPIRIT?

REVELRY?

THANKS for your article and letters on this subject.

It is incredible that another "beanfeast" should be preparing.

Let us think of our dead. That will keep us from further revelry.

S. M.

Putney.

OUR UNITY.

SURELY the people ought to have an opportunity of realising that we are at peace!

These united celebrations help to bring a consciousness of our unity as a nation. PATRIOT. Cheapside, E.C.

TOO SORROWFUL.

I QUITE agree with "Silver Badger." The bonfires and jollifications hardly seem necessary.

Surely there is too much sorrow in the world for us to have a thing.

In 1918 my best friend and pal was killed, and to me to see all this madness is most hurtful and heartrending.

WAR WIDOW.

THE MUNITION WORKER'S VIEW.

DOES the Silver Badge man who suggested thanksgiving for Peace Day realise how much the munition worker has done during the past four years?

If it had not been for the munition worker he probably would not now be wearing his silver badge.

And also munition workers have lost comrades in their war work and now need a little jollification to forget such sad times.

MANY MUNITION WORKERS.

Hayes, Middlesex.

WHERE DO THEY STAND?

WITH reference to the agreed report of the joint committee appointed by the Industrial Conference clerks workers will be anxious to know how they stand in connection with the proposals made therein.

Is clerical work recognised as a "trade"? Do the recommended minimum hours of work and rate of pay apply to clerks?

It would appear to be "up to" clerks to perfect their organisation, and it would be in the interest of unorganised clerks to take the tip of the joint committee of the Industrial Conference and join their trade union (the National Union of Clerks) without delay.

J. PATERNON BRYANT.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

THE ability shown by miners and other manual workers to stitch in blending colours of "alleged silk" upon a pattern beautifully designed and clearly marked by the fabric manufacturer for the convenience of the workers does not constitute any very great indication of artistic ability on the part of the "art needleworker."

Whilst not denying that such ability is abundantly found amongst the working classes, surely we need a better test of creative art than is afforded by such recreation?

J. A.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS.

HAS "Futurity" ever sampled the dream that arises from roast pork or lobster salad?

Or does he know the dream that is born of some persistent noise in the night (a rattling window or the drip of the bath tap)?

Would he claim either of these as spiritual?

CONSTANT DREAMER?

SHORTER LETTERS.

Freemasonry and—Bolshevism—"Mason" cannot be a Freemason, as if he was one he would know from his initiation oath and the whole ceremony that it is impossible for a Freemason to be a Bolshevik.—SHOLTO HARE.

Summer Time.—The decision of the Canadian Government to discontinue the daylight saving scheme may well prove the death blow to this ridiculous movement, which I trust will soon be abolished here also. The game of "let's pretend" is all very well for children, but if we do it with the time we might as well do it with the weather. Let's pretend that March is July and that we are now experiencing a heat wave!—R.—

A Reason or a Wife?—To tax bachelors is absurd, and I for one shall resist the imposition of such a tax by every means in my power. Few men are bachelors from choice. Many men are single because they cannot afford to marry, which is unfortunate, and many others because they can't find a girl to have them, which is more unfortunate still. Why tax them for what they cannot help?—QUERY.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 23.—Dwarf roses should now be pruned. The hybrid perennials must be attended to first in a week or two later the hybrid teas and teas.

Take out all dead wood and unhealthy growths and shorten other shoots, according to the vigour of the variety. Cut to a bud pointing outwards so as to keep the centre of the rose-tree open. After pruning, lightly stir the surface of the beds, turning in manure unless a dressing was given earlier.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In a moment there often dwells the sense of eternity; for when profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die. Whenever the soul feels its self, it feels everlasting life!—
Bulwer Lytton.

STUDENT - SOLDIERS ON THE RHINE.

LECTURES AND SPORTS MEETINGS INSTEAD OF PARADES.

By JOHN HENDERSON.

Some account of "Tommy's" varied life in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

THE British soldier in the Army of Occupation need never know what it is to experience a dull moment. He is encouraged to be happy.

Never was fighting man more generously supplied with opportunity for amusement and recreation. He goes to Bonn or Cologne as a soldier, but, from the life he lives in those ancient centres of learning, he might almost as well be counted a student finishing his university career.

Not only is his mental outlook enlarged and his scholarship improved, but he is introduced to sports and pastimes, many of which he previously encountered only in printed sheets.

Instead of drill and route marches he is permitted, if he so elect, to attend classes and lectures. It is possible for him to learn the rudiments of the decimal system and the mystery of the English alphabet.

If he is already advanced beyond the elementary stage, he can dabble in abstruse science or dead languages; perhaps even master the complications of applied mechanics.

Few subjects are beyond the scope of the Army educational syllabus. There are classes for practical shoemaking and courses for motor driving; Mr. Atkins may, if he care to, become a cook or an actor, a parson or a clerk with a thorough knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and French.

CLASSES IN EVERYTHING.

Or, if he is intellectually ambitious, it is possible for him to attend lectures on almost any subject from Greek mythology to the life and habits of the common earthworm.

In pursuits of this description he may spend his morning hours instead of following the old fashion of sloping arms and forming fours for four or five hours on the battalion parade ground.

The afternoon is given over to sport.

He can choose between Association football and Rugby, or it may be he would prefer a cross-country run or a game of hockey. In many places he is able to accompany a party and (if he can only borrow a gun) have a pot shot at an occasional hare, a multitude of rabbits or a flock of wood-pigeon.

If he is well over the Rhine and at the bridgeheads, he may even be permitted to go after roebuck with his rifle.

At any time during the afternoon he can have fifteen minutes' instruction in boxing, or, if he already has knowledge, a three-round contest can be arranged. On the mat he can practise, or learn, the art of wrestling in any style, or, under a competent instructor, improve his physique by physical exercises.

PLENTY OF SPORT.

According to his build and temperament he goes in for the tug-of-war, the three-mile, one-mile, or sprinting race, the hurdles, cock-fighting or spar-fighting, or it may be he practises the art of climbing the greasy pole.

Imagine the fine sporting spirit engendered by these competitions.

Inter-platoon competitions are like school house matches, company competitions are like school meetings; but inter-battalion engagements are Oxford and Cambridge sports—only more so.

And for the night, after his strenuous day, the Rhine guardsman can choose between a debating or dramatic society, a smoking concert, the divisional Follies, a sing-song in the canteen, or chess or a book in one or other of the recreation rooms.

To keep fit is to be ready.

After four-and-a-half years of war army organisation has become perfect, and the training of men and the methods of keeping them fit have become a science.

Yet the hours of relaxation themselves are so filled with labour that makes for health and happiness that each day is filled with shining hours of work.

For, despite his apparently easy time, "Tommy" is not suffered to be lax in the matter of discipline.

The British soldier in Germany is there to demonstrate the might of the Empire.

Those parades which he necessarily must perform are carried out with clockwork precision, and the changing of a guard in Cologne is as smart and efficient a performance as any we could see at, say, the trooping of the colour on Horse Guards Parade in the old days of peace.

MARRIAGE—WHERE THERE IS NO HOME-LIFE

THE NEED OF LIVING AMONG ONE'S OWN FURNITURE.

By W. HAROLD THOMSON.

REGARD, if you please, my friend John and his fiancee Mary—an excellent couple typical of many a thousand couples to-day. They are deeply in love, they are engaged, they mean to become man and wife in the autumn.

Mary is a delightful girl and John is what is known as a jolly good fellow.

But, note this, Mary's parents are, one might say, poor, and John, though able and ambitious, has only his modest salary upon which to face the financial world.

Any hope that he had of saving money was crushed by the wicked war, and so, although he is determined to marry, he cannot, he confesses, set up, meantime at least, anything in the nature of a real home.

Now, I venture to assert that in getting married under such circumstances John and Mary are wrong. I have seen something of these homeless marriages, which thought switches me away from John to my other friend Charles.

Charles, not merely thought that he would marry without having a home of his own and the necessary fixings, but did so.

He admits now that he was foolish. He is a normal man and his wife is a normal woman. He is discontented and his wife is discontented. They see their less rash acquaintances who did not go to the altar until the furniture had been bought, or at least bespoken, and—this is Charles' phrase—they feel sore.

I could quote to you out of my own experience case after case like this, and the lesson

to be learned, if young and adoring couples will learn any lesson—which is dubious—is that it is a short-sighted and a silly thing to marry until the home has been rented and the requisite contents have been secured.

It is all very well to say:

"Oh, but we care very little about the sticks. What, after all, is furniture if we have each other? We will be perfectly happy in furnished rooms until luck comes our way and we can buy what we want for a home of our own."

That sounds, I grant you, fine and idealistic. But it is not sound, and in the happiest of unions common sense plays quite an important part.

Marriage without real home life is by no means marriage as it should be, and I protest that you cannot know home life in furnished rooms or a furnished flat.

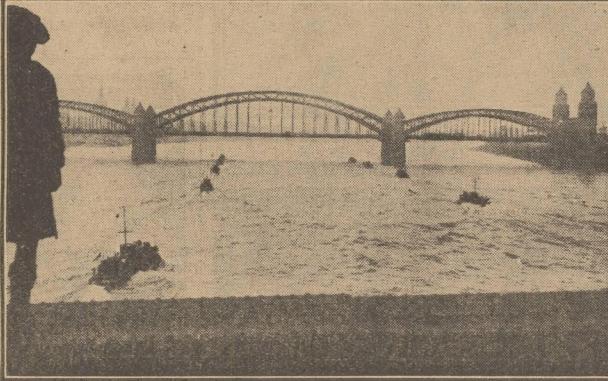
Besides, prices to-day being all round what they are, it is not reasonable to suppose that the girl and man who marry minus the necessary funds for furniture will be likely to have these funds when, instead of living singly, they join lives and practically double expenses.

True, in the ordinary course the husband's earning powers will increase with the passing of time, but—leaving out of count such pleasures as legacies or the coming of unexpected good fortune—it is unlikely that he will be able for many a long day to produce the money for furniture and so on which he could not produce previous to his marriage.

All of which emboldens me to say that the about-to-be-married who are leaving the home to a distant future are woefully foolish.

The man who cannot provide his wife with a nest of her own already lined should not provide himself with a wife.

W. H. T.



MORE PATROL BOATS FOR THE RHINE.—British motor-launches arriving at Cologne. A fair number are already on duty there.—(Official photograph.)

SUMMER TIME: THE GREAT CLOCK CRISIS.

IF BIG BEN WERE TO GO BOLSHEVIST.

By LEIGH D. BROWNE.

I OPENED my newspaper. First to catch my eye, in glaring headlines, were the words: "Clock Crisis: Grave Statement by the Minister of Horology."

Slightly startled, I went on to read of a country groaning 'neath a general strike of timepieces.

Primarily, said this Minister of Horology, it had been a "strike against striking." Now practically every clock and watch in the land had ceased to go or to keep anything resembling accurate time.

Horologists, I was told, had hopelessly underestimated the effect of recent labour unrest upon clocks, which, unknown to the public, had been bitten to the very main-springs by the strike mania.

The recent return to Summer Time and the consequent putting out of clocks seemed to have fanned the spark into flame.

Most regrettable of all had been the behaviour of public timepieces. Big Ben had gone badly Bolshevik. The hands had raced round and round the dial for three days on end; then the mechanism ran down.

Yet two days later, during the inspection of the works by a clockmaker, the clock suddenly began to go. The investigator, not to circumstances over which he had no control, went also.

The clock outside the Law Courts had dis-

played a cunning as deplorable as it was exasperating. One hour it was accurate to the second; the next slow; the next fast.

One morning it went backwards, and many people going to work turned round and hid, housewards.

Synchronised clocks provoked endless trouble. There was the case of a man who quitted his flat in Golder's Green and reached a Government office in Whitehall ten minutes before he had left home. Others, apparently, spent ten hours in travelling from the City to Bloomsbury or Bayswater, to the despair of their wives and the rage of their cooks.

Little better, I saw, was the conduct of private timepieces. Cuckoo clocks cuckooed till canaries died of envy and cats tried to bite them. Alarm clocks "alarmed" at every hour of the day and night till their owners perished of insomnia or went sobbing to ear specialists.

Sober, sedate and high pedigree clocks, models of accuracy for decades past, ran down, burst their mainsprings, or shed their hands at the slightest provocation.

Worst of all, perhaps, were the watches. The wrist variety undid their straps and crashed earthwards; luminous watches burst into flame, badly burning their wearers, while the ordinary pocket kinds simply stopped and stayed.

It was at this juncture that I awoke. A voice was saying: "If you don't get up, dear, you'll be late at the office. And don't forget to bring back the right time with you this evening. We've got to put on all the clocks to-night."

L. D. B.

HOW THE NEW TAXES MAY OPERATE.

SOME SPECULATIONS ON THE COMING VAST BUDGET.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

The many possible ways of raising money by taxation are considered in this article.

A CENTURY ago taxation was well understood as the necessary instrument of sacrifice, and our forefathers rose nobly to the occasion.

Nearly half the entire cost of the Napoleonic wars was met out of revenue. At the same time, it has been taken for granted of late years that all taxation should recognise an irreducible minimum standard of public comfort.

Therefore taxes have followed a rather narrow round, and Chancellors were surprised at the success of new departures.

Thus the entertainments tax yielded £5,000,000, or half a million more than the estimate, though it was three months late in going into operation.

Tea is a great stand-by, and so is tobacco. A few pence on these will add nearly £10,000,000 to the revenue.

A new tax on tobacco, by the way, rouses great interest in Ireland, where Sumatra and Turkish varieties of the leaf are successfully grown by pioneers like Colonel Everard and Lord Barrymore.

Now as to "luxuries."

OPEN YOUR MONEY BOX.

"We want to open your money-box," Mr. Harcourt said as a member of the Select Committee which considered these things. "But we won't stand you in a corner while we're doing it!"

That committee had learned "that you can do most things with the Briton, if you don't approach him in the temper of a nursery governess with the vapours."

Why not tax costly dinners and dresses? Here are imposts going back to Greek and Roman days, and cropping up throughout our own history.

A law of Edward III., in 1336, condemned "the outrageous and excessive multitude of meats" which great men of the kingdom used in their castles. And "persons of inferior rank" followed suit—"beyond what their stations could afford."

In the next reign both men and women were taken to task for wearing "excessive and inordinate apparel, to the displeasure of God and the enrichment of strange lands." Paris was even then the source of the modes!

Elaborate funerals were frowned upon in the Merrie Monarch's day, and the clergy exacted sworn statements from the bereaved that the law had been obeyed.

What were defined as "luxuries" by the Select Committee were yachts, motor-cars, fine furs, silks, perfumes, musical instruments, curios and antiques, books in costly bindings, fans, riding and hunting garments, jewels and precious stones, pictures and works of art, billiard tables and liqueurs.

Schedules of men's and women's clothing were also drawn up, as well as restaurant and hotel rates.

TAXING THE TOURIST.

But the Committee had a toilsome task; one that bristled with difficulties and brought about angry resignations.

It was the same in America, where no two statesmen could agree as to "What are luxuries?"

Certainly the limit of £7 7s. for a woman's tailored coat and skirt was too low. The five-guinea gown made pretty to-do in Regent-street and the home.

And as for the thirty-five shilling hat—! What Paris said about this is best left in the original French.

So you see how thorny and beset is the Chancellor's path when he ventures into the unknown.

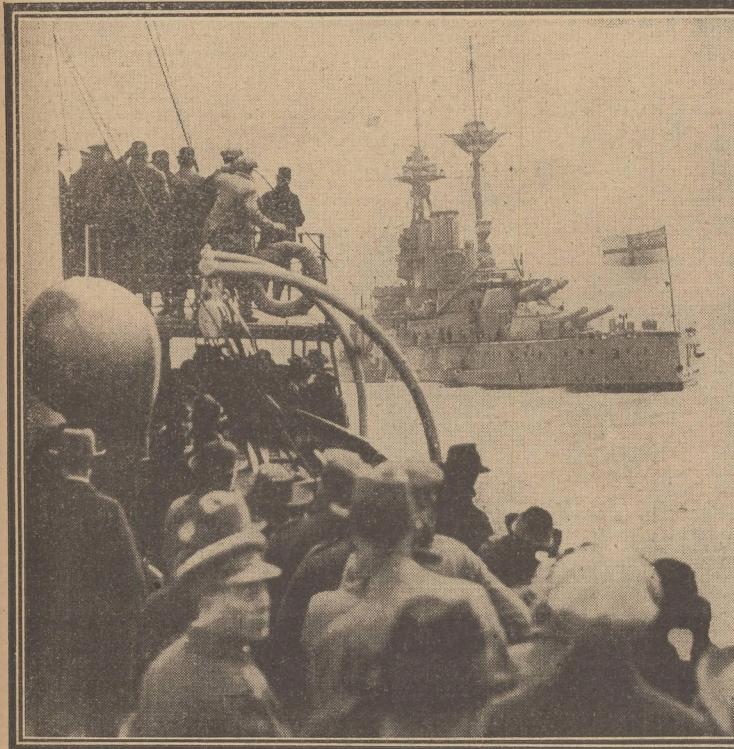
A tax on tourists going abroad has been proposed and seems equitable enough—especially in view of the tens of thousands of "comfortable" people who will want to visit the war zones, from Ypres to Rheims, and still farther afield.

That a great influx of visitors is expected is seen from the fact that American hotels are being built in the most famous centres.

Another impost proposed is one on posters and hoardings such as disfigure both town and country.

It is perfectly certain that the coming Budget will call for heroic measures, and that Mr. Chamberlain, like his predecessor last year, will gild each new tax or increase with an appeal to our people to bear it "in the same spirit in which they have submitted to sacrifice far more heavy than anything which can be reckoned in mere money value." I. P.

QUEEN ELIZABETH RECEIVES VISITORS



H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, Sir David Beatty's flagship, is lying in the Mersey, and the public have been allowed to go on board. A crowded tender is seen arriving.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GENERAL BOTHA ATTENDS HIS



General Botha at the reception.



Bride and bridegroom walking from the church. A very pretty wedding was that of Captain Louis Botha, son of the Premier of South Africa, and Miss Muriel Greville. The reception was held at Ippie Manor, the bride's home. Little girls



GIRL ENTRANT FOR FLIGHT.—Miss Katherine Stinson, the latest recruit to the ranks of the would-be Atlantic flyers. She was a Red Cross worker in France, but has returned to U.S.A. to take up aviation.



A "FREEMAN."—Mrs. Walter Lygon, who is to receive the freedom of North Berwick, Scotland, next month.

NURSED QUEEN.—Miss Elizabeth Stewart, of Ballater, who has died. She nursed Queen Victoria during her last illness.



WORK THEY LIKE.—Disabled soldiers are trained at Buxton in any trade for which they show an aptitude.



GRAND OPERA.—Miss Desree Ellinger, to be Miss A. M. Beecham's production of "Pagliacci" to-night.



"THE DAY"



THE SIEGFRIED LINE IN BERLIN.—Perfected in the art by Hindenburg, the Government troops have erected barbed-wire entanglements in the streets. The Bolsheviks don't like the look of them.



IS IT OUT OF BOUNDS?—Officers of a military unit studying a map in order to locate a place to visit.

SON'S WEDDING.



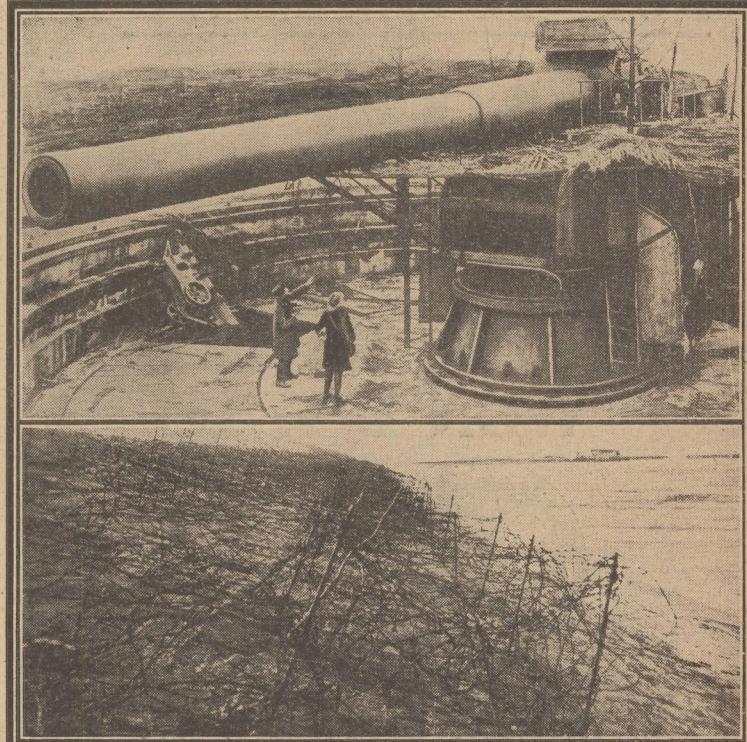
house. The villagers were there in force. and-Miss Agnes Macdonald, at Dibden. The before her strewing flowers.

WOMEN FIRE FIGHTERS.



The peace time uniform of the Women's Fire Protection Force, who are to be seen with fire-breaks in hospital, school, factory or wherever they are working.

"BIG BERTHA'S" YOUNGER SISTER.



Ostend was severely damaged during the war. Here is one of the big guns and the famous Digue, a mass of barbed wire. You cannot walk down to the sea for a bathe just yet.



NEW BARONESS.—Lady Hemphill, the wife of Captain the Hon. Fitzroy Hemphill, who has just succeeded to the title.



CENTRAL HULL.—Lord Eustace Percy (Coalition) and his wife (right) visit the gasworks. Polling takes place to-day.



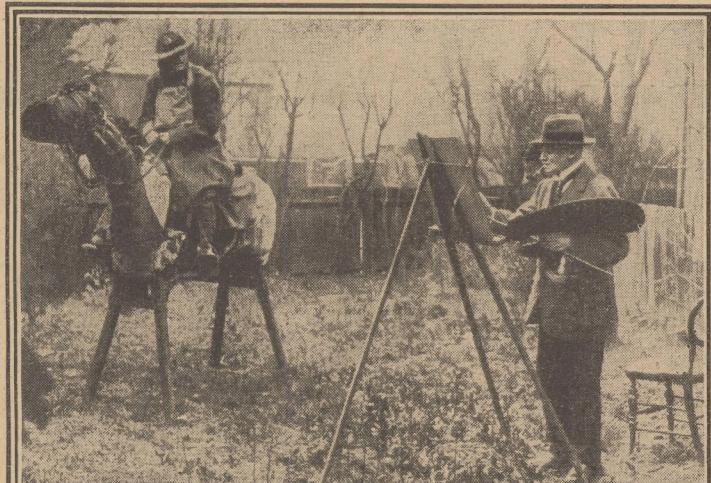
MISSIONARY DEAD.—The Rev. T. Storrs, who has just died. He was a missionary during the Mutiny, and was at Lucknow.



CRIMEAN VETERAN.—Col. Henry Wood, C.B., who has died, aged eighty-four. He was at the siege of Sebastopol.



under the A.P.M. at Cologne a member has applied for personal photograph.)



FRONT GARDEN AS STUDIO.—Captain W. B. Wollen painting his new Academy picture in his front garden, which abuts on the main road, with an old soldier for his model.



"MIDNIGHT BLUE SERGE."—This is the title given to this dress by New York. Presumably the creator means the midnight sun.

BUY TO-MORROW'S

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

Which will contain the following brilliant articles—

THE WORLD WON'T WAIT



BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

(Editor of "John Bull.")

Who points out the increasing perils of a state of half-peace, half-war.

IF CHINA TURNS BOLSHEVIST



By LOVAT FRASER

Who throws a remarkable light on the latest developments of the Bolshevik menace.

How the "Sunday Pictorial's" Circulation grows.

Jan. 12	2,267,462	Copies
Jan. 26	2,272,787	Copies
Feb. 9	2,287,232	Copies
Feb. 23	2,292,229	Copies
Mar. 2	2,308,571	Copies
Mar. 9	2,322,497	Copies
Mar. 16	2,336,732	Copies
Mar. 23 (Last Sunday)	2,346,808	Copies

In each case the figures are exclusive of complimentary, free and voucher copies.

THE STRANGLE-HOLD ON TRADE



By SYDNEY BROOKS

Who urges that the only way to restore prosperity is to remove the shackles of bureaucracy.

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

(Latest Circulation - - - **2,346,808 Copies!**)

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!



The Duchess of Marlborough is holding a sale for the Children's Jewel Fund next week.

WHAT HUNGARY MEANS.

Father and Son in Appeal—The Biggest Deal in Theatre Seats.

"WHAT AN ODD PEOPLE we are," remarked a very prominent public man to me yesterday. "I have not met a single soul who realises for a moment that the war has broken out afresh. Yet the capture of Hungary by Bolshevism means more war and nothing else, for Hungary is in the armistice region."

What Lenin Means.

The great one continued: "Lenin's message to the Hungarians telling them not to imitate Russian tactics is a clever move. He means that they had better not massacre and loot so savagely as was done in Russia, because atrocities in Middle Europe are more visible, and may hinder the spread of Bolshevism."

A Great Soldier.

"Whatever the new post to be given to General Mangin," said a friend yesterday, "his friends are confident that he will prove himself both the consummate soldier, if military action is called for, and the subtle diplomat he always was. His great stroke in July last year was the first step to November 11."

The P.M.'s Return.

My latest information from an authentic source is that Mr. Lloyd George may not, after all, be able to return to London next week.

Bolshies.

I find that the miners' leaders in the House of Commons do not hesitate to say that the sectional strikes that are breaking out among the miners this week are the result of Bolshevism.

Thomas' Triumph.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, after settling the railway negotiations, said it had been the biggest task of his life and the biggest triumph of it, too. He looked tired out.

In Days of Old.

The Sinn Fein Party is not without humour. I hear of one young hothead who, on being reprimanded for singing in his cell, quoted the Biblical precedent of Paul and Silas.

The Premature Arrival.

I hear that Mr. De Valera was in Dublin early on Wednesday. During the afternoon he went through the city apparently interested in the crowds which assembled in view of his possible state entry.

Bravo, Territorials!

There is a possibility, I hear, that Londoners will have an opportunity of acclaiming the London Territorials who went to France to fight the Hun. A march through London is being spoken of.

Combative, London.

Hero you see Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, whose telegraphic address is "Combative," London, and he looks it. The gallant officer, whose feats with his armoured cars in Russia make one of the epics of the war, is going ahead rapidly in Parliament, where he has been since 1910 as member for North Huntingdonshire.

Naval Service.

He was a barrister and political writer when war broke out, but promptly got a commission in the R.N.A.S. In six months he was acting commander. He holds the Cross of the Order of Leopold.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Jellicoe at Bombay.

The reception given to Lord Jellicoe at Bombay was of a kind usually reserved for royalty or new Viceroys and Governors. I am glad he should be thus-honoured, though it is odd to find India repairing our omissions.

Enchanted Ear.

Lord Cave, formerly the Home Secretary, has been sitting in the House of Lords hearing his first appeals of late. Sitting with him yesterday was Lord Parmoor, and quite a mild sensation was caused in the Gilded Chamber when the Hon. Stafford Cripps appeared in an appeal before their lordships.

Father and Son.

As you know, Lord Parmoor was until 1914 Sir Alfred Cripps, and a well-known "silk." The young barrister who appeared yesterday in his youngest son, who was "called" in 1913.

Seeing It for Himself.

One clergyman, at least, will not prejudge the jazz. I hear that the Rev. W. R. Howe, of East Ham, will be at the Moonlight Fancy Dress Ball at Prince's on Wednesday. "As a clergyman," he says in his letter, "I should welcome the opportunity of seeing the jazz dancing which is being so very much condemned by the many Church workers."

They Can Jazz, Too.

I am told the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert both learned to jazz in France, and when they came home taught Princess Mary the academic style. There is no doubt when dancing begins at Buckingham Palace there will be plenty of jazzing among the younger section.

The Waltz.

The waltz always has been the Queen's favourite dance, and as Princess of Wales she was the best waltzer in the family, also ex-



Mrs. Roland Brooke, wife of Col. Brooke, D.S.O., is deeply interested in the welfare of soldiers' wives.

Mr. F. L. Collins, visiting this country on behalf of the U.S. Agricultural Department of soldiers' wives.

tremely fond of dancing. She taught her children to dance before they began studying with a professional teacher.

War Minister at a Wedding.

Mr. Winston Churchill was beaming yesterday afternoon when he attended the marriage of his former secretary, Mr. Reginald Webster, to Lady Constance Combe's daughter, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

A Quiet Affair.

It was a very quiet wedding. The bride wore a travelling-gown of dark blue charmeuse, with a frivolous gold veil floating from her small gold cap. A good many of the bridegroom's friends at the Board of Trade turned up to see him married.

No Hands.

They tell me of a famine in dressmakers in the West End. Heads of establishments where "modes et robes" come into being are at their wits' end to obtain "hands." Questions may be asked in Parliament about this.

Rhyme and Business.

The poetic agony advertisement has arrived. Here is one from a morning paper:—"Good people all, both great and small, your incomes you may double in your spare time, without a crime, if you will take the trouble."

Off Again.

Some soldiers are scoring heavily over the new offer of a month's leave immediately on re-enlistment. I hear of one who had just returned from fourteen days in Blighty. Then he signed on for two years with the colours, and the next day was on his way back to Scotland for further thirty days at home.

That Notable Interview.

Wherever I went yesterday I heard people discussing *The Daily Mirror's* interview with the beautiful Queen of Rumania. It formed what journalists call a "scop." It gave, as you know, a charming glimpse of a Queen who is a woman first of all. She has the rare gift of sympathetic expression. It is that, I fancy, that endears her to all women.

The Beautiful Queen.

Since Queen Marie has been here several prominent portrait-painters have brought to bear every bit of influence they possess to induce her to sit to them. And nobody will blame them. However, the beautiful Queen's time in England has been strictly limited.

Queen's Mascot Earrings.

The Queen of Rumania has a pair of mascot earrings which she wore right through the war. People about her believe that if she gets to put them on, she will hear bad news some time during the day.

The Ambition of an Actress.

Miss Margaret Halstan confessed to a singular ambition to me the other day. "I should like," she said, "to play in melodrama: not drawing-room melodrama, but the real thing. After all, it must be rather thrilling to be murdered on the stage in full view of the audience."

Shakespeare for Children.

I hear that a committee has been formed for the production of Shakespeare's plays at the Islington Empire, primarily for the purpose of making Islington's schoolchildren acquainted with the Bard. Next Thursday Mr. Ben Greet will present "Julius Caesar."

A Good Deal.

Bond-street is pleased and excited over the biggest deal in theatre seats which "the libraries" have ever done. The hefty sum of £35,000 has been laid out in tickets for "Joy Bells," the new Hippodrome revue.

Lord Derby's Victories.

Lord Derby managed to get away from Paris for the Grand National—his first race meeting, I believe, since the war—and had the pleasure of seeing his colours successful.

French Racing.

Rumour said that Lord Derby contemplated racing on an extensive scale in France during his stay in Paris as British Ambassador, but I understand that his string over there will be confined almost entirely to a few two-year-olds.

The Date.

According to present arrangements, Miss Doris Keane will produce "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyric this day week. Saturday used to be a favourite night for productions, but of late our managers have seemed to prefer the beginning of the week.

The Civi-Military.

None of the combinations of civil and military clothing which Mr. Haselden imagined in a recent cartoon come up to the assortment I



Miss Winifred Barnes, who is giving a concert before going to Paris to study.

Miss J. Nichols, "mentionned" for her service at Fairlawn Auxiliary Hospital, saw yesterday in Piccadilly. There a leather flying-coat was walking surrounded by a new bowler hat!

Feather-Topped Boots and Shoes.

A country cousin who has been "doing" in the shops assures me that the fashionable brocade evening boots and brides' boots are all topped with ostrich feather trimming. Boudoir shoes, she declares, have the same.

THE RAMBLER.

That Rich Dry Polish of Pre-War Days

again adorns the boots and shoes of all who use

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

During the war important materials essential to the manufacture of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish were controlled by the Government. With these materials again obtainable Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is again pre-eminent as a shine producer, leather preservative and water-proofer.

Tins 2d., 4d. and 7d. in Black, Brown and Tonette.

TONETTE is the Dark Stain Polish for Tan Military Equipment.



NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

THAT Jake did not know Henry March was with his niece was perfectly obvious by the way in which his face changed as his eyes fell upon Ursula. She had risen to her feet, and stood waiting, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

There was not a particle of colour in her face, but fortunately, as usual, Henry March was too interested in his own grievances to be critical. The cloakroom attendant, it appeared, had induced him by asking him to take his turn, not elbow past other gentlemen who were also anxious to leave their hats and coats.

"Impudent puppy!" he spluttered. "I'd a great mind not to have left mine, after all, to pay him out. Not a penny tip does he get, I'll take good care of."

He had shaken hands with Ursula. "I did not know you were here," he said.

"No?" she raised her brows. "One always meets people one knows at this place, I think."

"I have asked Mr. Rattray to dine with me," her uncle said. "He imagined he had done rather a clever thing in not mentioning that Ursula was to be one of the party. He had hoped to surprise some emotion in her face when she came in, and was disappointed by her self-posse.

As is generally the way with a man who blusters, now he had run across Jake again he was affably itself. A little smile crossed his niece's face as she thought of the many times he had threatened to tell Jake his true opinion of him.

"I've booked a table," her uncle went on, "not too near the band. I like to eat my dinner in peace, and need the diners with each course."

He led the way into the restaurant, and the others followed him.

"Do you remember the last time you and I were here?" Jake asked, and Ursula met his eyes steadily as she answered: "Yes, quite well. It was before I knew you, and the night before Mr. Spicer's wedding."

She supposed he remembered how she had afterwards reproached him for inferring that he had had too much to drink, and it gave her a bitter sense of humiliation.

The restaurant was very full. There were a great many women in pretty frocks, and more now in the orthodox evening dress than there were in uniform.

"I don't often have the pleasure of taking my men anywhere," Mr. March said. "For some reason, for almost agreeably agreeable. He beamed at Ursula across the room. "And as you are so soon leaving England, Mr. Rattray, I am glad to have this opportunity of wishing you Godspeed! Waiter—where is the wine list?"

Ursula's brown eyes dilated with a little sharp fear as she looked across at Jake. "You are leaving soon?" she asked casually.

Jake met her gaze. "I sail to-morrow," he said. "The shipping arrangements have been altered for some reason best known to the authorities. I could have waited for a later boat, but there seemed no object in doing so, and, anyway, I shall be glad to get out of the country."

"Exactly. I quite agree with you," Mr. March answered without looking up from the wine list. "For a young man England is a place to get out of now. What with taxation and other abominations, the Colonies are the place for anyone who wants to live."

"To-morrow morning!" Ursula had echoed Jake's word almost in a whisper. She was leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped hard in her lap. Everything seemed to be whirling giddily around her. Even the noise of the band seemed to have receded to such an enormous distance that she could hardly hear it. Jake's thin face looked a long way off. She hoped desperately that she was not going to faint.

"You're very tired, you know, lady," Mr. March said, looking at her over his glasses with faint suspicion. "Don't look well. The room is a bit hot, I must say. Undo your coat."

Ursula forced a smile. She said she was quite well. When she thought she was unobserved she poured some water from a carafe on the table and drank it thirstily.

"And what are you going to do abroad?" Mr. March enquired of Jake. "Have you got a job to go to? Or are you going off as so many scatterbrains do, with the idea of picking up gold without working for it?"

"Oh, I've got a job to go to," said Jake. There was a note of sarcasm in his voice. He was wondering how he should be able to explain his absence to-night to the Spicers. He had promised to spend his last evening with them, and had not located himself at Marnie's for a moment when Mr. March spied him. Even then he would not have stayed away for Ursula, but the temptation had been too strong to resist when the chance of spending an evening in her company had been offered to him.

He had made all his arrangements. Most of his baggage had gone. He had said good-bye to a weeping Mrs. Sale, and taken Patrick to the Spicers' flat, where he himself was to stay that night.

There was something horrible in the finality of it all. It turned his soul sick to think that perhaps this was an eternal good-bye.

"You're not eating anything, either of you," Mr. March complained presently. He had been consuming hors-d'oeuvres as if they were all he expected to get for his entire dinner, and he took the last olive from the dish as he spoke.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I don't know what you young people are going to. Ursula never eats anything. It's sheer waste of money to bring her to a place like this."

He looked at his niece with critical eyes. "You've got thin since you left me," he said. "You look as if you don't sleep and are worrying yourself to fiddle-strings about something. If it's this confounded music, I should give it up. I've told her, Mr. Rattray, that any time she likes to take a quiet walk she always comes back, and goes home for me. I'm living in a boarding-house for the present. Fairly good food, I'm glad to say, but everything else bad. I'll get a flat to-morrow, if Ursula cares to come and look after me."

"It's the first I've heard of it, Uncle Henry," Ursula said, rather sharply. She wished to goodness he would leave her alone. She was quite painfully aware of her pallor, and the weariness of not having attention given to it.

"Anyways," she added with intention, "I don't think I was cut out for the ordinary domesticated sort of life. It must be frightfully humdrum."

"That's the modern girl," said Mr. March facetiously. He looked at Jake for approval.

"In another twenty years there'll be something home and domesticated. And a fang will take you're making all the time you went on, Ursula." "Ask any man the kind of woman he'd choose for his wife, and see what he answers! Not your butterfly miss, who thinks of nothing but enjoyment and clothes, but the old-fashioned, stay-at-home sort. What do you say, Mr. Rattray?"

Jake laughed rather weakly. "I am afraid I know a little of women, Mr. March, that I can't quite understand. So little of women!—when both Doris St. Claire and she herself had been fooled by him? Lastly her feeling towards Doris had changed again. In the light of her own bitter experience she could well believe that Jake had treated Doris badly also.

She looked across at him, trying to see him with dispassionate eyes. What was there about him after all, that one should be so deeply attracted? An ordinary enough man to anyone disinterested—with a thin, rather melancholy face, and eyes that were somehow hard in expression.

BREAKING POINT.

THERE were many better-looking men at the surrounding tables, and yet Ursula would almost have given her soul as she sat there for one kind word from him, one moment of their past happy friendship.

She was so lost in her dreaming that she did not notice that Mr. March had seen an acquaintance across the room till he pushed back his chair, and with an abrupt "Excuse me," left her alone with Jake.

She tried hard to think of something commonplace with which to break the silence, but nothing would occur to her. Her brain felt stupid and empty. She drew a quiet breath of relief when Jake spoke.

"I suppose, now, I suppose I shall be out of sight of England?" he said.

"Yes, I suppose so." Her heart was beating in queer, aching throbs. She wondered if her voice sounded strange. There was a little pause.

"Have you been abroad before?" she asked then with an effort. "I mean, not counting France, of course."

"Oh, yes—before the war broke out I was here, over England!" He smiled reminiscently, and then added, "Surely I told you about my very chequered career, didn't I?"

Ursula started. What was the matter with her that she had forgotten? Of course, he had told her. Was there any detail of his youth she had not heard and remembered? What was the matter with her that this evening everything seemed to have been wiped from her memory, the fact that to-morrow he would not be here?

She hastened to excuse herself and apologise. "Of course, you did; I'm sorry. I'm afraid I wasn't listening very carefully to what you said just now."

There was a sort of helplessness in her voice. Jake's eyes softened. "You look very tired this evening, he said.

"I'm not, I'm not, I'm not," something in his voice took her back with a rush to the time when they had been friends—before any of this sorrow and disillusionment came into her life, and before she could control herself her eyes filled with tears. She began a hurried, incoherent excuse, her cheeks burning with shame.

"I've got rather a bad headache. I think I stay indoors too much—practising, you know. I work with the piano. They tell me not to do too much, but I feel I must. You wouldn't you if you were in my position?"

"You mean—because of the man who helped you?" said Jake.

"Yes, I feel that I owe him so much that I must get on, just for his sake. Not that he's really interested in me." She laughed shakily.

"I wrote to him the other day, and asked if he would like to come and see us when we were having at the college. I thought perhaps he might have liked to hear me sing, and see how I was getting on, but, of course, he never came, or answered my letter."

Jake did not know what to say. The tears in her eyes had cut him to the heart.

She went on recklessly: "I suppose there are philanthropic people in the world who go about scattering small sums of money about without caring in the least what becomes of them, but it seems rather mad, doesn't it?"

"If you put it like that, it certainly does," he agreed gently. "But I cannot agree with you that this—man—whichever he is—cannot be interested in you. Perhaps there is some reason why he never answers your letters."

The band had been playing a selection of old-

fashioned airs, and quite suddenly it broke into "Loch Lomond."

"Oh ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye!

But me an' my true love will never meet again . . ."

Jake looked across at her. "I heard you sing that song once, didn't I?" he asked suddenly.

"Did you? Oh, yes!" She could not meet his eyes. The words of the song were running through her head like a wild prophecy.

In desperation she croaked out. "I do hope you will have a happy time away, Mr. Rattray. I shall often think of you and wonder how you are getting on."

Jake turned his head slowly. He had been looking towards the orchestra. There was a blank surprise in his eyes as he echoed her words.

"You will often think of me, Miss Lorri-

mer?" He laughed, as if it had hard to believe.

"That is kind of you," he added quietly.

Then he, too, saw Mr. March returning, and with sudden impulse he leaned towards Ursula and spoke hurriedly.

"I shall think of you, too—always," he said.

His eyes seemed to turn into hers, and in a moment he was gone. Then Henry March came back to his chair, and the orchestra blared out into a popular ragtime, dragging her away from the past into which she seemed to have wandered, forcing her to remember the reality of what lay before her.

"That was Seldon, my dear," Mr. March was saying affably. "Rich man! Great friend of mine. Worth a quarter of a million. Asked me to lunch at his club to-morrow." He did not explain that he had bluntly fished for the invitation. He beamed at Jake and Ursula with the satisfied smile of a man who has achieved a long-desired object.

"Now, what about some coffee and liqueurs? Waiter! Confound that fellow! How slow he is! Englishmen are no good at this job—I've said so scores of times."

Ursula hardly heard him, though she was aware that for the rest of the meal he kept the conversation entirely to himself, and so covered her silence.

There was a clock at the end of the room, and her eyes turned to it again and again. Past eight now—a few minutes more and Jake would have said good-bye to her—perhaps for ever! Dull despair beat like a physical pain at the door of her heart. When presently Mr. March closed his coat and said he supposed it was time he moved, it was all she could do to keep from crying out a protest.

She rose mechanically, and let Jake help her into her coat. As he did so, his hand inadvertently brushed her cheek, and a little tremor swept her from head to foot.

Did she hate him, or love him? she asked herself. She hardly knew. On the one hand she could have thrown herself at his feet and implored him not to leave her, and the next she felt as if she could have struck him in passionate hatred for the pain he had caused her. Then she went out into the vestibule, and the commissioner asked Mr. March if he would like a taxi.

"Taxi! Do you think I'm an invalid, or a bloated millionaire?" Henry March demanded, with what he was fully persuaded was humour. "Shanks' pony, that's good enough for me, my man. What do you say, Jake?"

Jake laughed at the moment of truth. "I generally walk, myself," he said absently.

They all went out into the dark street together. "Which way do you go?" Mr. March inquired.

"Not our way! Well, then, this is where we part." He took the young man's hand. "Bon voyage! That's the thing to say, isn't it? And good luck. By Jove, I envy you getting out of that enlightened country."

Ursula did not know what Jake answered. Afterwards, when she looked back on those last moments, she could remember nothing of them save that for a moment Jake held her hand, and that she tried to speak, tried to say good-bye as if it were a matter of no consequence, and the next moment Jake Rattray had gone, and she was walking away down the street with Henry March, feeling as if it had world had come to an end.

"Not a bad chap, after all," she heard her uncle say in the tolerant tone of a man who has dined well. "Looks ill. Should think a sea voyage will do him a world of good. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything."

He went on talking till they reached Ursula's rooms, and said good-night, and the girl went indoors, and upstairs.

She sat at the door and sat down on the side of her bed with a dull feeling of misery.

"Good-bye!" Such a little word, but with such an infinite meaning.

Someone came rapping at the door. One of the girls entered.

"Oh, you're come back; then, I wanted you to come out this evening, but couldn't find you. Where have you been? Do you have a good time? What's the matter?"

She started forward in good-natured concern as she saw Ursula's white face.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she said again. "Ursula!" But she was too late to reach her. Ursula had fainted.

Do not miss Monday's instalment of this fascinating serial.



Ursula Lorri-mer

By RUBY M. AYRES

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OFFER OF 2,000 GUINEAS FOR "POM."



Miss Edge (extreme right), of Kildare, and her pom, for which she has been offered 2,000 guineas by a British fancier. She acts as judge at dog shows.



HUGE PICTURE. — Mr. Walter Bayes mounts a step ladder to paint his Academy picture, "Pulvis et Umbra." His "Underworld," last year, created a sensation.



RECENTLY MARRIED. — Mrs. Lamond, better known as Miss Hetty King, the male impersonator, "snapped" in Hyde Park yesterday with her husband, Captain Lamond.



NOW WE CAN TELL DADDY WHAT IT MEANS. — A sensation of the week has been the ceaseless printing of the *Children's Newspaper*. The demand has been unprecedented.

**"I am really Food
—if you serve me
with BIRD'S Custard"**

whether I am Plum Pudding, Ginger Pudding, Honey Pudding, Lemon Pudding, — or any of the good old-English Puddings.

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will always transform a plain pudding into a delightful treat. Just watch how every scrap is eaten!

To safeguard your health, insist on BIRD'S Custard, no other can be so pure or wholesome.

APARTMENTS WANTED.

OXFORD. — Wanted, Lodgings for summer term; central position essential; near Balliol if possible; 5 rooms, bath, w.c.; good attendance and cooking. Liberal rent paid for room. Apply to Mr. J. W. M. M. Mrs. M. M. Chapple and Co., 6, Great St. Helens, London, E.C.3.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY REID'S TENTERDAY, Ltd., Gas 2a., Artificial Teeth at Hospital Prices.—524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tel., Mayfair 5559. Hours, 10 to 7.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth gold bought.—Messrs. Brownings manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London. If the personal articles can be sold, add 10% to the purchase price, call or post and receive full value paid or return, or offer made established 100 years.

The following are broken Gold, Silver Antiques, Plate,

Diamonds, Watches, Teeth, oldments; cheques same day.

Trial.—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

URGENTLY NEEDED. — All kinds Ladies', Gent's cast-off clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years.—Mrs. M. Walker, 106, Etheldred-st., Kennington, London.

WANTED. — Wanted, a good collection of Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); utmost value or offer.—Stanley and Co., 23, Oxford-st., W. 1.

WANTED. — Wanted, old Gold, Silver and Plated articles; prices, cash or offer same day for trunks and parcels.

Trial.—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

GARDENING.

DODDIE and Co., Royal Seedmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1919 Catalogue and Guide to Gardeners free of postage. Send a postcard to 1, Victoria Street, Edinburgh, or 2, Hallion's Berry, 1, Strawberry, Raspberry, 1, American Blackberry, currant, 9s. 6d. Loveliest Rose Collection, 7s. 6d.—3 Standard Tulips, 1s. 6d.—2000 Tulip Bulbs, 1s. 6d.—2000 Tulip Bulbs, 7s. 6d; only one lot to each customer.—Clarke, Avenue, Royal Hampton Nurseries, Middlesex.

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POETHLYN'S BRILLIANT NATIONAL VICTORY.

Lady Owner Wins Great Steeple-chase for Second Year.

ELEVEN HORSES FINISH.

Another Three Winners for Lord Derby—Lingfield meeting to-day.

LIVERPOOL, Friday.

Mrs. Peel's Poethlyn put up a magnificent performance at Aintree to-day when he equalled the records of Cloister and Jerry M by winning the Grand National Steeple-chase under 12st. 7lb. Ballyboggan and Pollen occupied the minor places and eight others completed the course.

Unfortunately the weather broke down badly for the big race, and after a dull morning, slow and had began to fall heavily as the horses were at the post. So bad was the downpour, indeed, that the horses were ordered back to the paddock, and the race was started six minutes after the advertised time.

Such is the magnetism of the National, however, that the attendance was on no way affected by the unpromising outlook during the morning, and the crowds equalled anything seen in past years. Considering the heavy rain the course was in fairly good order, although in the country there were naturally some heavy patches.

There was nothing sensational in the betting, either in the morning or just preceding the race. Poethlyn remained as firm as a rock, and never moved from 3 to 1 could be obtained about his chances.

The Irish contingent were very sanguine about the prospects of Ball, boggan, but he was not quite so well backed as Paddy Woo.land's mount Charbury. Pollen, Pay Only, another Irish candidate, and Ally Sloper, who won the last National run here in 1913, were also supported to some extent, and all that Charbury completed the course.

A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT.

One or two little matches were cleared up early. It was ascertained finally that, after all, Captain Dreyfus would not run, and deep was the disappointment and disappointment almost to resentment occasioned by the news.

Captain Ian Straeter let it be known that he had decided to put up several points extra.

Poethlyn looked a picture in the paddock, and so did his stable companion, Pollen. Ballyboggan also made many friends, and Cullen was obviously pleased with his mount, Schoolmoney.

When the field went out for the second time, there was not much way before the first field, and Farnham settled down in front of Loch Allen, Pollen, Sergeant Murphy, Picture Saint and All White. Chang and Ball, boggan were also prominent, and Piggott kept a handy place on the favourite.

Scoville was one of the first to come to grief, but his fall raised almost unnoticed, as all the best-fancied horses kept their feet. Approaching Valentine's the second time round Poethlyn drew away to the leaders, and from there to the finish, overhauling all in.

Poethlyn eventually won in a canter by eight lengths from Ballyboggan, with Pollen third, another six lengths away. Loch Allen was fourth, Shamus Spadah fifth, and the others to finish were Farnham, Pay Only, Chang, Sergeant Murphy, All White, and Ally Sloper.

Piggott rode Poethlyn to victory for the second year, and incidentally won his second real Grand National, as he was on Jerry M. when the great champion won in 1913.

Long Derby's colours were successful three times during the afternoon. Crostree taking the Hilton Handicap, Mrs. Jawleyford making amends for her defeat at Lincoln by winning the Bridgeman Handicap, and Beresina scoring again in the Bickerstaffe Stakes.

To-morrow Troy Town, about the biggest horse in training, may make amends for running out of the course on the opening day by winning the Champion Steeple-chase. Complete selections for Liverpool and Lingfield—

LINGFIELD.

1. 0.—SWINERTON. 2. 0.—ANGLIA. 3. 0.—E. S. O. 4. 0.—POU. 5. 0.—GODEFREY'S BEST. 6. 0.—POU. 7. 0.—POU. 8. 0.—POU. 9. 0.—AUSL.

DOBLE EVENT FOR TODAY.

SWINERTON and TROYTOWN.

BOUVERIE.

LIVERPOOL RACING RETURN.

1. 0.—HINTON HICAP. 2. 0.—CROSSTREE (16. Domesday). 3. 0.—OFF THE WALL (15. Kestrel). 4. 0.—T. T. T. 5. 0.—J. A. 6. 0.—N. J. 7. 0.—POU. 8. 0.—POU. 9. 0.—POU. 10. 0.—POU. 11. 0.—POU. 12. 0.—POU. 13. 0.—POU. 14. 0.—POU. 15. 0.—POU. 16. 0.—POU. 17. 0.—POU. 18. 0.—POU. 19. 0.—POU. 20. 0.—POU. 21. 0.—POU. 22. 0.—POU. 23. 0.—POU. 24. 0.—POU. 25. 0.—POU. 26. 0.—POU. 27. 0.—POU. 28. 0.—POU. 29. 0.—POU. 30. 0.—POU. 31. 0.—POU. 32. 0.—POU. 33. 0.—POU. 34. 0.—POU. 35. 0.—POU. 36. 0.—POU. 37. 0.—POU. 38. 0.—POU. 39. 0.—POU. 40. 0.—POU. 41. 0.—POU. 42. 0.—POU. 43. 0.—POU. 44. 0.—POU. 45. 0.—POU. 46. 0.—POU. 47. 0.—POU. 48. 0.—POU. 49. 0.—POU. 50. 0.—POU. 51. 0.—POU. 52. 0.—POU. 53. 0.—POU. 54. 0.—POU. 55. 0.—POU. 56. 0.—POU. 57. 0.—POU. 58. 0.—POU. 59. 0.—POU. 60. 0.—POU. 61. 0.—POU. 62. 0.—POU. 63. 0.—POU. 64. 0.—POU. 65. 0.—POU. 66. 0.—POU. 67. 0.—POU. 68. 0.—POU. 69. 0.—POU. 70. 0.—POU. 71. 0.—POU. 72. 0.—POU. 73. 0.—POU. 74. 0.—POU. 75. 0.—POU. 76. 0.—POU. 77. 0.—POU. 78. 0.—POU. 79. 0.—POU. 80. 0.—POU. 81. 0.—POU. 82. 0.—POU. 83. 0.—POU. 84. 0.—POU. 85. 0.—POU. 86. 0.—POU. 87. 0.—POU. 88. 0.—POU. 89. 0.—POU. 90. 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Daily Mirror

Saturday, March 29, 1919.

TWO PLUCKY WOMEN.

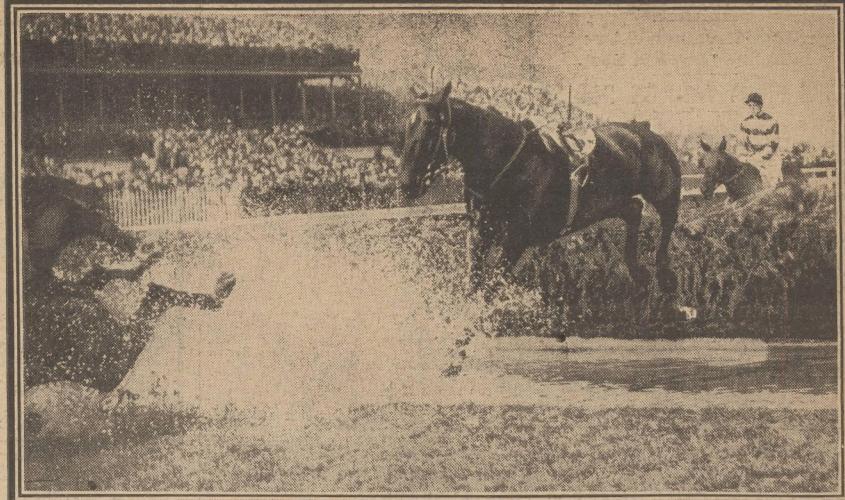


Miss Eila Murch, a parlour maid, employed at Kensington, who was highly commended by a magistrate for capturing an alleged burglar she saw leaving the house.



Miss Kitty Bothing, a land girl, employed at Metheringham, who saved a fellow worker, when attacked by a boar. She fought the brute with a pitchfork. Awarded medal.

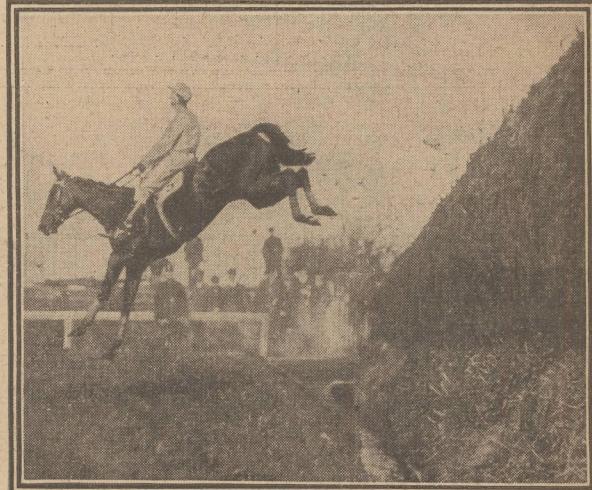
SURE SIGN OF PEACE: THE REAL GRAND NATIONAL AGAIN



No unusual sight at the water jump. A riderless horse jumps it and another one falls.



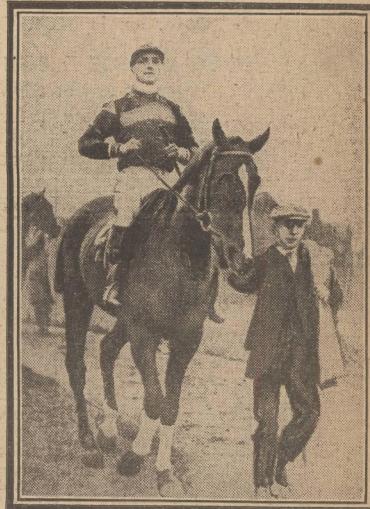
Ally Sloper, a previous winner.



Taking one of the obstacles in the difficult chase.



Poethlyn was the winner.



Pollen third past the post.

We shall soon forget there has been a war, as all the good old functions are being held again. In fact, the only reminder soon will be the high cost of living. There were substitutes for the Grand National during the war, when racing was curtailed, but they were not run at Aintree and therefore lost half their romance.



A POLICEWOMAN.—Miss Edith Annie James, appointed to the force at Yarmouth. She was a sergeant at the Government factory at Grimsby.



A CANDIDATE.—Mrs. W. H. Coats, wife of the thread manufacturer standing for Paisley's new education authority. She is a philanthropic worker.